

4th

Phoenix Paulina. 1609/4930

A
P O E M
O N T H E
N E W F A B R I C K
O F
St. Paul's Cathedral.

A good Smooth copy in praise of it.

*Hic locus est, quem si verbis audacia detur,
Haud timeam magni dixisse Palatia cœli.*

Ovid. Met. lib. 1.

L O N D O N :

Printed by G. J. for ARTHUR COLLINS, at the Black-Boy
against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. 1709.
29. Januar.

1609/4930

P O F M

ON THE

NEW FABRIC

OF

St. Paul's Cathedral.

Printed by G. J. for A. R. at the ...
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LONDON

Printed by G. J. for A. R. at the ...
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~~But where shall this Generation be?~~
~~And who shall live this Miracle to see?~~
A Beauty grow out of Deformity?

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Stanzas did,
many Years ago, (at that Time very young)
publish A POEM, being an ESSAY on
the (then) RUINS in St. PAUL'S
CATHEDRAL: Concluding all with these
Lines,

Once Beauteous, and still Reverend Pile,
May'st Thou rise up the Glory of this Isle;
Much more Majestick than thou wast e'rewhile.

May'st Thou a Resurrection have,
Bright as thy Saints, from this thy mournful Grave;
May a Quire's Beauty shine even in thy Nave.

May'st Thou be built of such a lasting Frame,
Such Strength shall laugh at any future Flame,
And such a Majesty shall awe the same.

But where shall then this Generation be?

And who shall live that Miracle to see,

A Beauty grow out of Deformity?

*Such were his Wishes then, and such his Diffidence:
But living now to see the Great Work compleated, be-
yond Expectation, both in regard to the Time, and the
Admirable Performance; he takes this Occasion to proceed
where he left off so long since, and end all Thoughts of
this Nature, on the same Subject, as he began.*

Phoenix

Phœnix Paulina.

I He whose Infant-Muse did heretofore
Mourn o'er the frightful Ruins on this Place,
Survive to see indulgent Time restore,
Out of Deformity, an Angel's Face.

2.

My Spring of Life beheld this Church decay'd;
Fall'n; and reduc'd to Dust in Her own Grave:
And I, decaying now, see Her new made,
With all the Charms that Youth and Beauty have.

3.

These cross Comparisons agree in this,
That Man, and stronger Fabricks, must submit
To destin'd Periods; after which, there is
A Second Being much more exquisite.

4.

Beauty from *Ashes*, does refined appear;
A fresh and ready Instance has occur'd:
Behold a True, unfeigned *Phœnix* here,
Abundant fairer than the * Mother-Bird.

* O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior! *Hor.*

5.

Stupendous Object ! never known before
 To Ancestors, less fortunate than We ;
 Not seeing This, which all admire the more,
 And covet more the Sight, the more they see.

6.

Not the lov'd Treasure of the Vine, which is
 Some Poets Idol, and their Genial Fire,
 Can cheer and elevate the Heart like this
 Delightful Sight ; nor *Helicon* inspire.

7.

Ill-fated those, who any way have been
 Depriv'd of that chief Joy of Life, the Eye :
 When such a Pleasure is by others seen,
 Blindness to them is double Misery.

8.

Some think *Diana*, once, (long, long ago)
 Had here a Temple, which I'll not discuss ;
 But I may dare to say, She ne'er did shew
 Building like This, no not at * *Ephesus*.

* The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was formerly esteem'd one of the Seven Wonders of the Wor'd.

9. How

9.

How shall I fitly name this Matchless Pile?
 What equal Epithet can Fancy give?
 Glory of *London*, Glory of the Isle!
 Best of the Best! Double Superlative!

10.

Such is this Temple: And it should be so;
 Since on Emergencies, and Signal Days,
 * Kings and Queens hither, in Procession go;
 Here pay their Vows, and sacrifice their Praise.

11.

Here † Royal Nuptials, here Triumphal Joys,
 Foregoing Ages us'd to celebrate,
 And ‖ foreign Obsequies of Crown'd Allies:
 Those chief Solemnities of Pomp and State.

12.

What ‖ Prince of this, or any other Land,
 Did in his highest Splendour e'er appear
 Passing this Church, but here he made a Stand,
 And humbly offer'd at the Altar here?

* *Queen Elizabeth went to Paul's in a solemn Manner, after the Defeat of the Spanish Armado, 1588. And King Charles I. upon the Birth of the Prince of Wales, 1630. &c.*

† *Prince Arthur, and Catherine of Spain, An. 17. H. 7.*

‖ *For the French King, Francis I. An. 1. E. VI. For the Emperor Ferdinand, An. 1. Eliz. &c. See Dug. Hist. Paul. p. 23.*

‖ *Of the Magnificent Offerings here made by John, King of France, in the Year 1360, see Dug. Hist. Paul. p. 22. King Edw. IV. after his Great Victory at Barnet-Fight, An. 1471. offer'd here his own Standard, and that of his Enemy. The like did King Hen. VII. after Bosworth-Fight, An. 1485. Not to mention others.*

13. Let

13.

Let the observing Curious Eye but mind
 The several Limbs of this vast Structure well ;
 Consummate Beauty in each Part you'll find :
 How then must the Compacted Whole excel ?

14.

Mark first the *Front*, this Mighty Body's Face,
 Which on the Passenger does ever smile :
 See that August Ascent leads to the Place,
 Whose Steps our Pains and Pleasure reconcile.

15.

How nobly shews that Double *Colonnade*,
 Supporting, and supported by, the Freeze ;
 The many Graces through the Work display'd ;
 And as a Crown, that *Sculpture* over these.

16.

St. *Paul* converted there, converting here,
 Of Persecutors, and of Preachers, Chief,
 Does on this *Front* in both those Forms appear,
 Artfully cut, and of a bold *Relief*•

17.

See before *Festus* where the Saint appears ;
 See from his Hand, unhurt, the Viper fall ;
 Within the Church the Pious Christian hears,
 But here he sees, the Acts of Holy *Paul*.

18. Strange

18.

Strange Power of Art in a true Master's Hand!
Whose Chisel, here, of such Effect did prove,
The Stones so far took Life at his Command,
That this Stone seems to speak, and that to move.

19.

O Entrance, worthy such a Church as this!
Well does it sute the Fabrick's Majesty;
A Church that Worthy of such Entrance is:
Both in their Kinds being best, both best agree.

20.

This admir'd Portico, on either hand,
Shews (as a Mark of Dignity and State)
Two lofty Towers, which for Supporters stand,
More eminent in Beauty than in Height.

21.

These, tho' Twin-Miracles of Art they be,
Seem mean, and low, if you the Sight compare
To what the Middle-Fabrick bids you see,
With such amazing Grandeur rising there:

22.

The CUPOLA, that mighty Orb of Stone,
Piercing the Clouds in Figure of a Crown:
A Diadem that crowns not Paul's alone,
But the whole Island, plac'd on her Head-Town.

B

23. Those

23.

Those numerous Pillars, that vast *Balustrade*,
The Circling Walk below, and that above,
Of such a Height, and such a Compass made,
Equal Delight and Admiration move.

24.

Still above These does the neat *Attick* rise,
Graceful as *Venus*, springing from the Seas,
With many Windows deckt, as *Argus*, Eyes,
Looks every way ; and every way does please.

25.

O'er all, a *Convex* elegantly Great,
Like the Half-Section of a Globe appears ;
And, as ambitious of a higher Seat,
In their own Form shoots up to reach the Spheres.

26.

On the Top-swelling of the Curve, is seen
A *Lantern*, shining with the Rays of Art :
It gives a Light to all the Work within,
But greater Splendour to the Outward Part.

27.

The *Cross*, our Badge of Faith, with awful Grace
Is rais'd, and fixt upon the highest Spire ;
While the Wing'd Tribe, with Labour, reach the Place,
And at the strange unusual Height admire.

28. This

28.

This Northern Wonder, like a new Pole-Star,
When future Architects shall first discern,
Attracted by its Lustre, from afar
They'll hither flock to gaze, but more to learn.

29.

How will the much-admiring Artists then
Applaud the Builder? yielding all the Fame
Of former Masters to the Greater Wren,
That rais'd, and finish'd this Majestick Frame.

30.

Kind Providence did happily permit,
By his sole Conduct, the whole Work to pass,
Who built himself a Monument, with it,
Excelling Pyramids; out-lasting * Brass.

31.

Let us ascend the All-commanding Height,
Then, from the Summit of the *Dome* look down;
A Visionary Feast regales our Sight,
When, under us, we view the Boundless Town.

* ——— Monumentum ære perennius,
Regaliq[ue] situ Pyramidum altius. ——— Hor.

32.

Southmark, disjoin'd, and in a different Shire,
Does to the Eye a second *London* seem;
Yet all's but * one, tho' more than one appear;
United by a Street built cross a Stream.

33.

So many Beauteous *Squares* for Habitation,
Streets so well form'd, *Spires* that so proudly rise,
Cannot be equal'd in another Nation,
Or for their Numbers, or Diversities.

34.

In such a various, and abundant store
Of pleasing *Sights*, which all around extend,
Where to begin is difficult; but more,
Or where, or when, or with what Words, to end.

35.

*Westm^r
Abby.*

Chief of the *Sacred Structures*, Westward, see
A *Sister-Minster*, famed for many Things;
For Architecture much; but more, that She
Is the first Throne, and last Repose of Kings.

* Sic ubi complexu coierunt membra tenaci,
Nec duo sunt, sed forma duplex.

— Ovid.

36. Neigh-

36.

Neighbour to This, the Chief of *Civil Seats*,
The Spring and Fountain of our Laws, does stand;
There the contracted Soul of *Britain* meets,
Dispersing Life and Vigour through the Land.

House of Lords.

37.

Behold that Chappel, of *St. Stephen* nam'd,
Which, for the Palace only, serv'd e'rewhile;
'Tis now to a much larger Office fram'd;
And its Parochial Cure is the whole Isle.

House of Commons.

38.

From that small House, what mighty Influence flies
Over all *Europe*! Fate seems there to fit;
And Power and Victory from thence to rise:
While floating Kingdoms anchor upon it.

39.

Eastward, the *Tower*, the *Bridge*, the *Monumen**,
With other infinite Remarks from hence,
To the pleas'd Eye, a copious View present,
In all Variety of Excellence.

40.

The New-built *Churches*, which so thick appear,
And both adorn and sanctify the Town,
Shew, the Good-Works of former Ages, here
Continue still, our * *National Renown*.

* *Angliæ Ecclesia, scemina, lana.*

41.

How can I number all the *Publick Halls*,
Which, to a Superfluity, abound ;
The well-endow'd and stately *Hospitals*,
Where, ev'n the Sick are envy'd by the Sound ?

42.

To be particular, I dare not aim :
He that can * count his *Riches* is but poor ;
And where there's many *Glories*, some to name,
And stop, seems to insinuate, no more.

43.

Look how the *Busy Traders* swarm below !
Men that, for Industry, we *Ants* do call ;
But now, there's other Cause to think 'em so,
They seeming here, as numberless and small.

44.

The *crowded Wharfs*, as we from hence survey,
And *Royal Change*, it is a Doubt which most
The wealthy *London-Merchant* justly may
Of his Magnificence, or Traffick, boast.

* Pauperis est numerare pecus. — Ovid.

45.

What numerous *Schools*, what *Nurseries of Arts*,
 In every Kind, adorn this Happy Place !
Oxford, and *Cambridge*, from like-distant Parts,
 Meet themselves here, midway, and here embrace.

46.

When those Four *Colleges of Law* we view, *4. Inns of Court.*
 Which flourish here, and every where are famed,
London must be, as her peculiar due,
 The *University of Justice* named.

47.

Such are the *City Beauties* ; raise your Eye,
 And see a *Country* flowing with Delights :
 You in a trice o'er a vast Landskip fly,
 Of Hills, Dales, Villas, all enchanting Sights.

48.

The lov'd Diversions of the Field, the *Game*,
 Tho' ne'er so strictly kept, yet from this Place
 You may, unqualify'd, enjoy the same ;
 And follow, with your Eye, the fleetest Chase.

49.

Here you may see, admiring, from afar,
 The generous Falcon make her tow'ring Flight,
 Rise to her Place, then, like a falling Star,
 Stoop to the Mark, and all below your Sight.

50. *St. James's,*

50.

St. *James's*, and *Hide-Park*, seem both so near,
 The View does hither all their Pleasures bring;
 And without moving from this Place, even here
 We walk the *Mall*, and drive about the *Ring*.

51.

Hampsted, and *Highgate*, like Two Mole-hills, lie
 Beneath our Feet; and, as we here survey
 Far distant Objects, from a Stand so high,
 Our Eye falls o'er 'em, heedless, in the way.

52.

Where-e'er we look, such curious Seats are seen,
 With Fountains, Statues, Walks, adorn'd so well,
 Such Avenues, such Gardens ever green,
 As if each vy'd the others to excel.

53.

The meaner Houses pass neglected by,
 While *Hampton-Court*, and *Windsor*, are in view;
 Those Palaces, as we from hence descry,
 Our Eye they both delight, and honour too.

54.

Such Majesty abides on either Place,
 And in their Princely Form such Power lies,
 That only to behold, confers a Grace;
 And the bare Sight the Seer dignifies.

55. Two

55.

Two Royal Structures, that at *Greenwich*, there;
And this at *Chelsea*, who knows how to call?
Or Hospitals, or Palaces? or are
They Garrisons? or rather, Each is all.

56.

City and Country thus alike contest,
Which most shall please, which most enchant the Eye;
Whether these Beauties rais'd by Art are best,
Or those of Nature which at distance lie.

57.

Nor is this all the Charming Prospect here;
Casting your Eye from hence, you see, below,
The noblest River of the Earth appear,
And the World's Treasure, with it, hither flow.

58.

The Riches of *both Indies* follow it:
The North and South Seas; the remotest Streams,
Tigris, and *Ganges*, readily submit,
And gladly pay their Tribute to the *Thames*.

59.

See there our *Naval Glory*, and admire!
It seems a thick-set Wood of moving Trees;
Like those of old that follow'd *Orpheus* Lyre:
Or a whole Forest floating on the Seas.

C

60. 'Tis

60.

'Tis a transplanted Forest, which improves
 By being demolisht; for it thus commands,
 Not the Sea only, wherefoe'er it moves,
 But the Dominion too of distant Lands.

61.

Say, Venerable *Thames*, for you have seen
 All foreign Parts, and known what Time devours,
 Did you discover ever, where you've been,
 A Nation, City, Church, and Queen, like Ours?

62.

A People, who extend their * Arms so far?
 Whose Glory under Pressures does encrease;
 Who, in the Height of an Expensive War,
 Raise such a Temple to the God of Peace.

63.

Among these Pleasures, one dark Scene appears,
 To see *Whitehall* mourning in Ashes lie;
England's Chief Palace many happy Years,
 And the Head-Residence of Majesty.

* Horrenda latè nomen in ultimas
 Extendat oras, quàm medius liquor
 Secernit Europen ab Afro. — *Hor. l. 3. O. 3.*

64. Yet,

((19))

64.

Yet, let the Local Genius not despair,
But be assur'd, from her lamented Fall,
The Royal Mansion will arise more fair:
And Time that built a Paul's, will build Whitehall.

65.

The Virgin Fabrick then shall with delight
Behold this Church from that best-seated Place;
And as a Glass, full opposite, the Sight
Will back reflect her own like-beauteous Face.

66.

What's yonder swelling, that faint distant Blew?
'Tis Cooper's Hill; the fam'd Parnassus, whence
A Denham nobly sung the noble View:
What might that charming Muse have done from hence?

67.

Behold, at least, an equal Prospect here,
From a more sacred and auspicious Height:
But where's the Denham to describe it? where
Is that Great Thought, and flowing Pen, to write?

68.

Methinks, His very Name has even me
(Low and unequal, as I am) inspired,
To imitate Him in a less Degree;
While, from his Flame, I'm rather warm'd than fir'd.

(220)

69.

As we with pleasure from this Glorious Pile,
See the Delights which all these Objects make;
Those that are seen beholding This, the while,
Reciprocally give the Joys they take.

70.

Nor can the sharpest Wit determine well,
Which yields the greater Relish to the Sense,
(Since both so much, so equally, excel)
This from those Stations view'd, or those from hence.

71.

Thus, in a short, and too imperfect Way,
Having observ'd what may without be seen,
Let us descend again, and next survey
The Excellencies that appear within.

72.

Where, tho' the Chief Embellishments of Art,
Such as of force the nicest Eye must please,
Shine, like the Soul, in all and every Part;
Yet there's an Inward-Worth beyond all these.

73.

A Quality that futes the Place much more
Than all we view, while our pleas'd Senses roam
O'er every Wonder, from the Marble-Floor
Up to the Glorious Concave of the D O M E.

74 'Tis

74.

'Tis the *Devotion* in the several Parts,
Which gives a Life, and animates the Whole ;
Subduing not the Eyes alone, but Hearts :
Without is Beauty, but within, the Soul !

75.

Entering the Church, we're taught to Praise and Pray ;
For there, Devotes meet the first Spring of Light,
With Prayers for Blessings on the coming Day,
And Praises for Protection the past Night.

76.

The Day advancing, they advance with it
Up to the *Quire* ; and there to Heaven address
In such a solemn Form, as Sacred Writ
Divinely calls *Beauty of Holiness*.

77.

Thus Angels worship ; Man conforms in this :
Those Blessed Spirits tune and guide his Tongue ;
Who, in the Temple of Eternal Bliss,
Harping with *Harps*, sing their immortal Song.

78.

Oh Force of Harmony, surpassing Thought !
Whether to Things, or Sounds, the Name be given :
With that, the Universe at first was wrought ;
With this, the Soul is extasy'd to Heaven.

79. The

79.

The Service, much, which here is daily paid,
 The Object, more, that it's directed to,
 Has this Place truly Great and Glorious made,
 Beyond the utmost Wit and Art can do.

80.

So Humane Bodies form'd entirely fair,
 With all Perfection both of Shape, and Face,
 Without the Mind but handsome Statues are:
 Motion and Spirit give the Real Grace.

81.

And so the Fairest Edifice, tho' fram'd
 With greatest Skill, and of the best Resort,
 Cannot a Palace properly be nam'd;
 For the *King's* Presence only makes the Court.

82.

Let me not therefore under Censure fall,
 Nor the Expression seem too bold, if I
 This more than Royal House, the *Palace* call
 Of the Supreme, Celestial Majesty.

83.

And may that *King* of Righteousness and Peace
 His Divine Presence never hence remove;
 Nor here his Adoration ever cease,
 But, to his Greater Glory, still improve.

84. A

84.

A Church thus built, some will perhaps suppose,
So perfect, nothing can be further done ;
But *Divine Love* no Termination knows ;
It is a Stream that cannot cease to run.

85.

From the soft Wounds of such a Love to bleed,
And ever burn in that *Seraphick* Fire,
Is to be truly Blest : it is, indeed,
A Lower Heaven, and Earnest of the Higher.

86.

Happy are they, and in no mean Degree,
Who raise a Temple that so far extends
Up towards Heaven ; but much more happy he,
Down to whose Soul even Heaven itself descends.

*Quo, Musa, tendis ? desine, pervicax,
Referre sermones deorum, &
Magna modis tennare parvis.*

— Hor. l. 3. O. 3.

F I N I S.

St Paul's a Poem

A Church, thus built, to me with reverence
No other, nothing can be further done;
But I am sure no mortal hand
It is a Church that cannot cease to be.

87

From the first Wounds of Life a flow to feel,
And ever down in that same flow,
Is to be truly Blest: it is indeed,
A lower Heaven, and Earth of the highest.

88

Happy are they, and in no more degree,
Who rise a Temple that to far extends
Up towards Heaven; but much more happy he,
Down to whose Soul even Heaven itself descends.

One light, though in a dark place,
Refers himself down to the earth;
Alone might he towards Paradise
—How far, O how far—

